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MISCELLANY.

The Beautiful Heiress; OR, JEALOUSY AND REVENGE.—A TALE OF LOVE.

BY CLARENCE CRAYTON.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."
It was at a ball given at the mansion of a wealthy gentleman, in one of the gayest of our Southern cities, where I first became acquainted with Julia Gray. She was, indeed, a being scarcely of earth by reason of her transcendent beauty of person and amiability of disposition.

She was then just verging into the glorious fullness of young womanhood, and added to her personal charms and acquired accomplishments, possessed a mind of more than ordinary brilliancy and strength. Major Gray, her father, was reputed very rich, and Julia was his only child, left at the demise of his cherished wife, of whom the young girl was the beautiful living counterpart.

It could scarcely be otherwise than that Julia should become the reigning belle of the city—"the admiration of all eyes" in the throng of beauty and fashion.

From the moment of my indefinable to her, a spontaneous, unbidden, indisputable feeling—a something which may not be intelligibly written—came over my soul. I strove to resist its influence—in vain! I was in love!

I need scarcely say I sought every opportunity to be present in the society of the sweet girl, and those intimacies gradually linked our hearts in reciprocal and holy union. In truth, I became perfectly restless when not basking in the sunshine of her presence. She became my very existence—my soul's idol—and I had no joy which was not shared with Julia.

Many were our rambles together. We explored the hill slopes and gathered the ruscus berries and plucked the wild blossoms that grew along the banks of the meandering streams, or sought the sylvan groves where a thousand bright-plumaged warblers sang their sweet songs of love. O, those were blissful moments!—our sentiments harmonized—our hearts were one—yet words of love remained unspoken by our lips.

Thus time flowed sweetly onward, for days and months, till one beautiful evening, in early summer, when returning from a stroll along the margin of a stream as clear as that which caused Narcissus to fall a sacrifice to his own matchless beauty, we reached a mossy spot where the banks of the stream were of a peculiar nature. Here we seated ourselves on a rustic bench, beneath an umbrageous linden, to rest awhile and enjoy the fragrance of the blossoms of the tree, which covered it as with a garment of aromatic snow flakes and sweet-scented the phryxas as they swept among the branches. The sun had sunk behind the western hills; the songs of the birds had ceased; and the moon arose in queenly brightness and glory—its rich light fell upon the deep, clear water, and reflected, as in a polished mirror, its own large, round, silvery surface, and many a bright star that sparkled in the cerulean firmament.

All was silent, save the zephyr's sigh and the water's music. 'Twas a season for sentiment—the hour for love! I breathed my passion into Julia's ear, with the sugared phrases of pure and holy affection. My ardor was reciprocated, and a blush of modest purity lit up her countenance with a glow of sunset, when she gave me her hand and said she would prove my fondest own. Now was a moment of unutterable happiness. I pressed her to my heart as my life's idol, and imprinted a burning yet sacred kiss upon her cheek, which still glowed with the crimson of virgin and guileless innocence.

She gave me freely and confidently her entire heart and soul, and bade me ask her father for her hand in wedded union. I obeyed such suggestion with gleeful alacrity. But the proud old man spurned me from his presence as a vile beggar and upstart! His treatment stung me to the soul. I informed the fair girl of the repulse I had received from her parent. It grieved her to learn of my misfortune—yet, sweet girl! she gave me comfort, and solemnly vowed that if her own gentle persuasions failed to influence her father's feelings, in

my favor, I might bring the coach-and-four and bear her away as my trustful bride.—Glorious, heroic creature! She was willing to elope and link her destiny with my own, whatever the chances and fortunes of life!

The day was accordingly appointed for our wedding. It would be consummated in one year. O! long that probation! but there was no alternative. One brief year was not indeed long enough time to accumulate riches and thus weigh down her father's objection to my poverty. There was then no newly found California or El Dorado, where fortunes were gathered in an incredible short period of time. But I had some talents, some energy, a good profession and unbounded ambition. I determined to lose no time in the acquisition of wealth and fame, and resolved to acquit my beloved Julia of my determination to banish myself from her society till the term of my probation should expire.

My mind was perplexed. I had devised no definite scheme by which I might acquire riches and renown. While thus in doubt, and undecided as to the course I should pursue, I received a letter announcing the death of an aged uncle in England, informing me that I was his sole heir, and demanding my immediate presence to settle up affairs and enter upon my inheritance.

I lost no time in acquainting my Julia with the opportune God-send. The fortune I expected to receive by my relation's will would equal that of her father's and that of her own, and I exulted in view of the thought that when I became in possession the old parent could have no excusable objection to bestowing his daughter upon one at least his own equal on the score of affluence and rank in society.

I bade a fond adieu to my beloved Julia. We severally agreed to write to each other by every packet, and breaking away from her affectionate embrace, soon was on my way to the British Isles.

Owing to the confused state of my uncle's affairs, my absence was unavoidably prolonged. At length, however, my business was arranged, and I embarked for my native country. The voyage was prosperous, and I hastened on the wings of love to the presence of my adored Julia.

As I approached her father's mansion, I was surprised to find the avenues leading to it thronged with every description of carriages. It seemed a gala-day, and groups were scattered here and there over the lawn, in front of the dwelling, dancing and partaking of wine and refreshments, which abounded in generous profusion. I inquired of a colored servant the cause of this merry-making.

"Lor' bress your heart massa, Miss Julia am going to get married dis day!" She am a good, dear missus. Eb'ry body lub her. Gor-a-mighty bress her honey heart."

I hurried on and reached the hall. There was a scene of joy. The walls were gaily hung with flowers and evergreens, while lightsome forms commingled in the dance to the sounds of sweetest music.

I passed unnoticed amid the throng and entered the parlor which communicated with another by folding doors. Here seated in clusters with their gallants, were many young ladies, gleeful in converse, and resplendent in beauty, dress, and jewels. The lovely forms were reflected in the mirrors and seemed to be a double range of splendid pictures, richly relieved by gorgeous drapery which hung about the room.

Apart from the rest of the company was Julia, seated on a sofa of crimson velvet, plainly attired in a robe of purest white, with a circlet of diamonds about her brow, which flashed brilliantly, and contrasted finely with the peach blossom hue of her cheeks and the roses amid her glossy raven ringlets. She seemed, indeed, the queen of beauteous women.

By her side sat a gentleman of elegant person, pleasing address, and intellectual countenance. I watched her every movement. They whispered softly, but I knew they discoursed of love. Oh that hated moment! Jealousy made me scorn myself—him and her! And yet I stood spell-bound, without the power of action! I wished to reveal myself—to hear my doom from her own lips—but the cowardly demon of wretchedness held me back to tantalize me with the sight of their blissful communion.

That manly form placed his arm around her waist, and kissed the fragrance of her cherry lips. Oh God! To me that kiss was foulest pollution! I would have washed it away in blood! The wretch was in my power, but my coward heart quailed within me. I dared not slay him—no! not—then!

The bridal party soon filled the church. It was brilliantly illuminated with a thousand and variegated lamps—festoons of roses and other flowers were suspended from light to light, while the walls were hung with white; and purple and crimson drap-

pery, spangled with silver and gold, which sparkled in the mellow light with peculiar effect, elegance, and taste.

The altar was of pyramidal form and reached to the ceiling of the church against its rear wall, having steps from its base to the top, covered with scarlet cloth, fringed with silver brocade. A row of variegated waxen candles burned with brilliancy on every other of these steps, reaching to the very roof of the church, while on the intermediate steps were arranged a succession of elegant vases of artificial flowers between the golden sconces. At the top of the altar the lights were so placed as to form a star of flame, which shed down a halo of radiance truly glorious to behold. The whole scene was admirably calculated to inspire admiration and awe. I stole along to a massive pillar and concealed myself beneath the drapery of the nook in which stood a marble image of the Virgin Mary. I was effectually secured from observation, while I had a perfect view of all that was passing in the church.

The choir struck up an anthem so full of melody that it seemed the performance of a seraphic band. The music ceased and the bridal group gathered in front of the altar, while Julia knelt for a few moments before the Virgin and prayed for her favor and protection.

Shortly after, the aged priest entered the body of the church, by a side door of a closet near the altar. He was arrayed in a sacred and gorgeous vesture, while a number of beautiful little boys tinkled small silver bells and swung bright censers of burning aromatic perfume.

The priest approached the holy cross, and at a signal given, the music of the choir was resumed.

Julia still knelt before the Virgin. There was nothing but a slight drapery between us. I felt her warm breathings near my face, and heard audibly the pulsations of her heart. I could have kissed the incense of devotion from her lips—so close was my proximity, without her being conscious of my presence.

Now was a moment of intense agony.—I feared that the least sound might betray my design, and with choking difficulty I suppressed my own convulsed respirations that they might not be audible to any one near to where I stood concealed.

Julia lifted up her tearful eyes, and her countenance glowed with a heavenly expression. It beamed innocence and truth, but to my excited vision only treachery and deceit.

I could contain myself no longer. A wild frenzy came over my soul. In an instant I tore aside the flimsy drapery and screamed with a demon's voice in her ear: "Cease, perjured Julia! Thy prayers are blasphemy! Thy soul's undone!"

She saw my form—she knew my voice. A convulsive shudder seized her frame, and dashed her with violence against the pillar near the Virgin. There was a wild shriek, and Julia's fair form was stretched upon the solid marble floor. The blood gushed from her nostrils and poured from the wound of her temple, and befouled with gory crimson her garment of snowy purity. There was a moan of the departing spirit. Julia was dead!

My rival sprang forward and bent over the ensanguined corpse. I drew forth my double-barrelled pistol—rushed onward and fired at his head. The report of the discharge reverberated awfully in that holy place. He escaped unhurt! The sacred fount received the ball, and the sanctified water bubbled musically as it fell to its depth.

The fearful frenzy propelled me onward! I tore from its post a massive candlestick, and with a powerful blow leveled the destroyer of my hopes forever to the dust! I raised my arm to strike yet another blow. He smiled upon me—ah! a ghastly smile. I knew now that countenance. I could not strike again. Oh God! I had slain a beloved, long lost brother!

The wild cry of "murder!" "sacrilege!" rang frightfully along the vaulted dome and reached mournfully down the galleries and aisles. Merciful Heavens! the scene before me. The blood flowed in streams around. My spirit froze within me. I stood transfixed as a statue of marble to the spot. The spectators were horror-stricken—women shrieked and swooned, and bold men quaked with the ague of fear!

The cry of "wretch!" "murderer!" fell on my ear. Stalwart men hurled me to the cold floor, and crushed me beneath their feet. They manacled my limbs with ponderous irons, and I knew no more!

When I received my recollection, a cold, clammy sweat bedewed my body. The air around felt damp and unwholesome. I put forth my hands, and slippery, watery, and mouldy walls were alone sensible to my touch. The fearful tragedy flitted through my mind. I realized it all. I was imprisoned in a noisome dungeon!

Now there came a moment of anguish unutterable. The spirit struggled to break from its mortal tenement. I felt a sensa-

tion of burning piners in my flesh. Oh, horrible intensity of pain! It withered my flesh and broiled my very soul! I could not bear it! I was released! The bonds of seething iron were burst asunder! The fetters were shivered in a thousand fragments! Body and soul were free! I had only dreamed.

Yet the finger of preserving Providence was in that vision—that night-mare.

I had been on a visit to Major Gray's and had been induced to remain the over night beneath his hospitable roof. I had been the constant companion of my adored Julia during the day, and on retiring to rest, for a long time my thoughts were filled with love and her beauteous image. At length my eyes grew heavy. I slumbered and dreamed of her—inconstancy.

In the stillness of the night, the mansion, by some accident, took fire, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction. The crackling and roaring of the devouring element, and the suffocating smoke aroused me from my couch. I hurriedly threw on my clothes and rushed towards the wing where Julia resided. The greedy flame was already licking the outer walls of the apartment with its glaring red lips, as if impatient to devour the lovely victim!

At the foot of the stair-case I met her gray-haired father in agony of despair.—He screamed loudly: "Julia! My daughter. Save my dear child Julia!"

There was not a moment to be lost. His thrilling words gave me new energy. I flew up the burning steps, and entered her chamber. The smoke was forming fantastic wreaths around her fair calm brow.—She slept unconscious of her danger. Impulsively I kissed her rosy lips. I seized my beauteous burden and bore her to a place of safety just at the instant that the heated and blackened walls of her chamber fell in ruins.

My want of fortitude was now no barrier to our union in the eyes of her generous and grateful father.

A few days after the conflagration, he called me into a private room of a house which he temporarily occupied till his own could be rebuilt, and taking my hand warmly in his own, said:

"My dear Clarence, I know you love my Julia. You deserve her—she is yours, and may Heaven bless the nuptial hour." The Heiress became my bride and unalloyed was our joy.—Welcome Visitor.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.—Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like Heaven because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets us on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a deacon, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a will-o'-the-wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like the bite of a mad-dog, or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing in it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like everything and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched or understood.

PHILIP S. WHITE.—We have seen it stated in various papers, says the Abingdon Virginian, that this distinguished advocate of Temperance had fallen, and was not only drinking, but engaged in the liquor traffic. Mr. White denies this over his own signature, but says that, by medical advice, he resorted to the use of ale, as a remedy against physical afflictions.—Says he, "I was, perhaps, too public in my use of the remedy, in view of my position in the reform, and on account of which my Division thought proper to strike my name from the list of its members."

THE CLOSING CHAPTER.—The New York Herald is one of the most rampant supporters of the Buchanan Administration to be found in the country. Its declarations and predictions in relation to the Democratic party of the country is fast crumbling to pieces, and will never be able to do much hereafter, as a national organization. Hear what it says:

"For good or evil, North or South, we are closing up the last chapter in the history of that great national party which was organized under General Jackson. Its prestige of invincibility, its unity, its harmony, its discipline, and its strength are gone."

In response to the Herald's concluding declaration, we utter a hearty amen.

A poor fellow in Wisconsin of the name of Geer has gone beside himself from disappointed love. Some false one has thrown him out of Geer.

A LYRIC OF PRAISE.

Since e'er Thy footstep here below,
Such radiant glows are shown,
Of what magnificence must glow,
My God! about Thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright—
If night's blue curtain of the sky
With thousand stars is wrought,
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at Thy shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun at noonday hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flaming o'er earth the golden shower,
Thill vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord! no beam of Thine:
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine!
Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or how my spirit, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And rob me for that world of light.

[From the Boston Post, Dec. 30.]

SPICY CORRESPONDENCE—A TRUE WIFE.

We are assured by a friend who is personally cognizant of what he states, that the following piquant correspondence is genuine. A gentleman whose business calls him a good deal from home is accustomed to give the custody of his correspondence to his wife, an intelligent lady, who, in obedience to instructions opens all letters that may come in her husband's absence; answers such of them as she can, like a confidential clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord at such places as he may have designated at his departure. During a recent absence of her husband, the lady received a letter, of which the following (omitting dates, names and places,) is a true copy:

"My Dear Sir: I saw a fine picture of you yesterday and fell in love with it, as I did with the original in W— last winter, when I saw you more than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me among so many. I fear you will think me forward in thus addressing you; but I trust you are as noble and unsuspecting as you are handsome and brilliant. Perhaps you would like to know some thing about me—your ardent admirer! Well, I am not very good at description, but I will say I am not married, (though you are, I am told). My friends tell me I have a pretty face, but only a good figure; I am a pretty figure, but only a good figure; I am a dark complexion—that is, I am what is called a "brunette." I am stopping for a few weeks with my brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I dearly wish you would meet me there before I return to W—. At any rate do not fail to write to me a few words to tell me whether I shall ever see you again, and know you more intimately. Forgive my boldness, and believe me,

"Your friend, —"

To this letter the wife, who by the by, has not the least knowledge of the person to whom she was writing, made the following answer:

"Mademoiselle: Your letter of the — inst., addressed to Mr. —, was duly received. Mr. —, who is my husband directed me, when he left home some days ago, to open all his letters, and to answer any that I conveniently could. As you appear to be rather impatient, I will answer your letter myself. I do not think your description of yourself will please Mr. —. I happen to know that he dislikes black eyes, and hates brunettes most decidedly. It is quite true (as you seem to suppose) that he judges of women as he does of horses, but I do not think your inventory of your 'points' is complete enough to be satisfactory to him. You omit to mention your height, weight, wind and speed, and [here the word illegible.] Taking whether they will prove sufficiently attractive to draw him so far as B— merely for the satisfaction of comparing them with the schedule. You say you trust my husband is 'unsuspecting.' I think that is his nature, but yet he is used to draw inferences, which are sometimes as unkind as suspicious. You say you are unmarried. My advice to you is that you marry somebody, as soon as possible. In most cases, I would not recommend haste; but in yours, I am convinced there is truth in the proverb which speaks of the danger of delay. Should you be so fortunate as to get a husband (which may God mercifully grant!) my opinion is that you will consider any woman, who would write him such a letter as this of yours, impertinent, and perhaps, immodest."

"I will deliver your note to Mr. — when he returns, and also a copy of my reply which I am sure he will approve. I am with as much respect as you permit,

Mrs. H—"

This was the end of the correspondence. A dry old crust of a fellow who was unhappy with his preacher, because the "dry vine," as Carlyle would call him, could not penetrate the thick figment that covered the crusty man's soul, signified to his minister his desire to have a pew nearer the pulpit.

"Can't you hear?" asked the good man.

"Yes" was the reply.

"Can't you see?"

"Yes."

"Then, why do you change?"

"Because," said the obtuse one, "I am so far off that when your words get to me, they are as flat as dishwater."

MOUNT VERNON.

"And consecrated ground it is,
The first, the hallowed home of em."
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as this are pilgrim shrines—
Shrines to no gods or creed confined—
The Delphin vales, the Palatinas,
The Meccas of the Mind."

It has been said that America has no past—that with her all is future. True it is as a people we are prone to forget the Past—our national sir ever breathes of the present and immediate, which De Tuckerville to be the natural language of Democracy. But, if we did not sufficiently appreciate the fact we are inheritors of a most glorious Past, and as our national existence has been so brief, the more shame to us if we forget it, and neglect to honor the memory of those high-hearted, and strong minded heroes who made that Past a glorious one. For the purpose of holding forever in grateful remembrance the deeds and character of one—the noble chief of those heroes, the "Mt. Vernon Association" has been formed; it has for its acknowledged object the "purchase and preservation of the home and grave of Washington." This, too, is the work of woman, and if she is proving that when prompted by right motives and high resolves, her arm is not feeble, and her voice is not powerless. It is but just that this should be the work, for woman it is the renewer of the men she made great—we shall be great women if we have great sons. Thus, though little is said in our country's annals of the father of Washington, we all ways read of his mother and his wife; though we scarcely ever hear the name of the father of Clay, his mother and his wife are to repose close on either side of him in that noble pile of architecture which is now being erected to his memory. Nay, more, let any man live in the hearts of his countrymen, and the wife he loved, the mother who bore him, stand there also, receiving homage together, with the grand character which they have developed and sustained, perhaps almost created. Who shall dare question the importance of this work—who presume to cavil at the work?—The stoic Mussulman enshrines at Mecca the earthly remains of his Prophet—the volatile Frenchman sends his stately vessel to bear from a "lone barren isle" in the far seas the ashes of his loved Napoleon.—While stout-hearted England has, and is still searching the wild Arctic wastes for the few white bones which were her heroic Franklin,—shall we not, whose Prophet, Prince and Pioneer lies neglected in view of our fire side, rouse ourselves to emulate the noble gratitude of the sons of the desert, the dweller upon vine-clad hills and she whose "morning drum beat is heard around the world?" Aye, and verily—let there be no cavillers now, though there was a Tom Paine in the days of Washington, let there be none now, let them all be changed to noble Everetts. This is a mighty movement, but the Press and the people are for it; and where the former leads, and the latter sustains, we shall still from time to time hear the cheering shouts go up to heaven—"The work goes bravely on!" As for us—"Mt. Vernon Sisters," we deem it a noble privilege thus to be able to lend our aid in "purchasing and preserving" the last resting place of him who sleeps in that gray old tomb by the murmuring river; the man whom the ploughman of Marathon blesses as he remembers the struggle of his own and for liberty, whom the Swiss peasant reverences among men as he does Mont Blanc among the mountains—upon whose estate the deep eyed Italian gazes with affectionate enthusiasm, whom French remembers as the bosom friend of Lafayette—who, while Poland has one patriot exile, will be loved as the child who led to the battle-field her Pulaski and her Kosciuszko—whom even the poor Indian in untutored admiration has immortalized by making him the only "pale face" who is allowed by the Great Spirit to enter the "happy hunting grounds." Like the little rills that flow from the mighty river, we will unite our thousand forces—like the still frost that beautifies the autumn forest, our sure and silent influence will shed a glory over desolation and decay. We will work that our children may behold with pride the fruits of our labors; and that the Americans who wander in a foreign land may realize how the "mystery of Mecca" the stateliness of Westminster, the glory of the Hotel des Invalides, and even the grandeur of "Old imperial Rome," will grow dim at the recollection of the simple tomb which is shadowed by the green groves of "Mount Vernon."

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.
FOREST HOME, Sept. 10th, 1857.

An exchange records the marriage in Grand View, Missouri, of a young gentleman, aged nineteen, to a youthful maiden of seventy-eight.

Life—a gleam of light extinguished by the grave.

XXXVTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

Monday's Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.

Mr. Clogman, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution that the President be requested, if in his opinion not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate all information in his possession relative to the seizure of Walker and his men.

Mr. Jones of Tennessee said he should like to have the gentleman modify his resolution so as to call for information respecting the fitting out of the expedition in this country by Walker.

Mr. Clogman replied that he would so modify the resolution if he had the power, but, it being a report from a committee, he could not do so.

The resolution was received, under a suspension of the rules, by a vote of yeas 117, nays 47. After some debate the resolution was passed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.

The Union of this morning, speaking of Nicaragua affairs, says it is quite clear that the breaking up of Gen. Walker's expedition was the very result contemplated by the previous instructions, however much the manner and mode of the interruption may have been in conflict with the strict rules of international law. It is not probable that these instructions contemplated the landing of forces on the soil of Nicaragua, but it is also not probable that the government will complain of the aggression. The Union also says that the policy of the President, as enunciated in the message, will undoubtedly be pursued in relation to Nicaragua; but the whole article is non-committal in regard to the views of the administration in relation to Commodore Paulding's course.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.

SENATE.—Mr. Davis introduced a joint resolution to define the authority of the President under the act to amend the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy, in respect to dropped and retired naval officers, and gave notice that he would call it up.

Mr. Fessenden gave notice of his intention to introduce a French spoliation bill. On motion of Mr. Fitzpatrick, a resolution was adopted requesting the President, so far as may be compatible with the public interest, to communicate to the Senate the correspondence, instructions, and orders to United States Naval forces on the coast of Central America, connected with the arrest of Wm. Walker and his associates at or near Port San Juan, in Nicaragua; also, to transmit such further information as he may possess relative to that event.

Mr. Pugh asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill providing for the admission of Kansas into the Union—referred to the Committee on Territories. He stated that he offered the bill as a compromise, and explained its provisions. It provides for the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton constitution, with the same boundaries as defined by the bill of the last Congress. It also requires that the 7th article of that constitution, relative to slavery, shall be submitted to the direct vote of the qualified electors on the 7th of April next, and the returns of this election shall be made to the Governor of the Territory instead of the President of the Convention. The election to be conducted in obedience to the laws in force on the 7th of November last. The bill also provides that the constitution shall not be so construed as to limit or impair the rights of the people at any time to call a convention for the purpose of altering, amending, or abolishing their form of government, subject to the Ordinance of the United States. The Ordinance of the constitution in reference to public lands to be rejected. Mr. Pugh stated that he would avail himself of an early opportunity to explain the provisions of the bill more in detail.

Mr. Benjamin submitted a resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Printing, providing for printing for the use of the Senate 20,000 copies of the opinions of the Judges of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.

Mr. Brown commenced a speech, advocating the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He had not proceeded far, when he was seized with a vertigo and yielded the floor, expressing the hope that he would be able to proceed with his remarks to-morrow.

Adjourned.

Mr. Buchanan is in a most pitiable condition. The great passion of his soul is to be popular with the whole Democratic party, and his failure is utter and most deplorable. His Administration has ruined itself with the Northern Democracy and ruined itself with the Southern Democracy—with the Northern by its extraordinary course in relation to the Lecompton Convention, and with the Southern by the unlawful and outrageous seizure of General Walker and his men upon foreign soil. Poor Mr. Buchanan, being nothing in the North and nothing in the South, is simply a "footless stocking without a leg."—*Low Journal.*

At an examination of the College of Surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethy—

"What would you do, if a man was blown up with powder?"

"Wait until he came down," he coolly replied.

"True," replied Abernethy; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impudent reply, what muscles would I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I would immediately knock you down," He received a dozen.